

Nazareth : a Morality in One Act : by Laurence Housman

PR 4809
.H18 N3
1916
Copy 1

Samuel French: Publisher

28-30 West Thirty-eighth Street : New York

LONDON

Samuel French, Ltd.

26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Nazareth : a Morality in One Act : by Laurence Housman

Samuel French: Publisher

28-30 West Thirty-eighth Street : New York

LONDON

Samuel French, Ltd.

26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND

Copyright, 1916
By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

CAUTION.---Amateurs and Professionals are hereby warned that
"NAZARETH," being fully protected under the copyright laws
of the United States, is subject to royalty, and any one presenting the
play without the consent of the author or his authorized agent, will
be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for the right
to produce "NAZARETH" must be made to Samuel French,
28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Q 11 11723

AUG 25 1916

NAZARETH.

PROLOGUE.

Since Love first looked on life with human eyes,
Twixt him and us time like a curtain lies.
Of all the years while He made life His own
With dear familiar touch—how little's known!
The gospels of His Birth, the tale make plain
Then two years till he died and rose again,
Naught else remains to us of all, save when
He, at Jerusalem, with learned men
Was by His parents found, and taken thence
Back to far Nazareth. And by no sense
Of mortal mind from where they now lie hid
Can we recover the fair things He did,
Growing to man's estate, that He might die
For man's salvation; hidden there they lie,
The days which mounted up to Calvary.

Yet here on earth that lovely deed was done;
Love in man's form took life from wind and sun,
Waked, slept, ate bread, and toiled, and without
speed,
Patient, made test of each frail weak human need;
Found means on small frail feet men's ways to go;
From mother tongue was taught man's speech to
know;
So, for man's making, childhood, boyhood, youth,
Each he endowed in turn with deathless truth
Himself the type and pattern for each stage
Of human growth. Oh! in what future age
Shall we who, seeking that lost Pattern, roam,
Find it again, and to that form come home?

Ah! Friends, this simple showing that ye see
Of Love at Nazareth, this is not He!
'Tis but a thought, a fathering wish, a prayer
That with hearts knit we may come closelier there,
Where he lived lowly. Lo, He by your side
Lies hidden, a waiting guest, still multiplied
By man's still growing needs,—with such intent
He made humanity his Sacrament;
The flesh and blood, which here we beat and bruise,
Is Christ's. Ah, put it to some better use!
Be members all with all! Hear what Love saith,
And make your home with Him at Nazareth!

NAZARETH

SCENE:—*The Carpenter's shop is a low, broad chamber built of wood. At the back to the left-center a wide open doorway reveals a level stretch of landscape. It is late afternoon, but the air is still pale with the heat of day. To the right of the door is a small square window with wooden shutters thrown wide; before it stands a carpenter's bench upon which lies a wooden door frame nearly finished. The carpenter and his assistant are quietly at work planing, and boring holes for the fitting in of the rivets; beneath them the floor is strewn with shavings, saw-dust, and odds and ends of wood. Away to the left, near a spinning wheel, sits an aged woman combing flax. Against the wall to the same side of the doorway sits MARY, the carpenter's wife, with a book upon her knees; on the other side her son stands against the door-post, with his back to the interior, looking out into the sunshine.*

After the scene has opened the carpenter raises himself from a stooping position, and hands over to REUBEN, his assistant, a beam of wood, which the latter lays aside.

CARPENTER. 'Twill soon be done. Nay, we'll not need that now. Yes, speak on. If you read slowly enough, I can give heed.

MARY. (*Reading*) "Because his visage was so marred, many did marvel at him then, for more

than most his form was scarred, yea, more than all the sons of men. Yet him shall all the nations hear, and kings shall shut their mouths for fear."

CARPENTER. (*To REUBEN*) Be careful, now the cross-beam's laid.

OLD ANNA. What cause have kings to be afraid?

MARY. (*Reading*) "Who hath believed our report? To whom is the Lord's arm revealed? He shall grow up in tender sort, and as a root from a dry field, having no form nor comeliness, that men who see should scorn him less."

CARPENTER. Hold it fast, now! Nay, don't let go.

MARY.—

"He is rejected and despised,
A man of sorrows, grief his lot,
He came to us unrecognized,
Despising, we esteemed him not.
Surely our sorrows he hath borne,
And for our sins hath felt the rod,
Wherefore he seemed a shape for scorn——
One smitten by the hand of God.
But he was wounded for our sins,
For our iniquities was scourged,
By chastisement our peace he wins,
And with his stripes mankind is purged.
All we like sheep have gone astray,
Turned everyone to his own way.
And upon him the Lord doth lay
The iniquity of all."

(OLD ANNA touches her daughter, and points toward the child.)

MARY. (*After a pause, watching him*)
My son, what yonder dost thou see,
That holds thy gaze so steadfastly?
Come hither, child, and tell it me.

CHILD.—

I see the land all parched and dry,
And sheep, without a shepherd nigh,
And surely some look like to die.

ANNA. I see no sheep.

MARY.—

Nay, dearest one.

Thine eyes are dazzled by the sun;
See, in the field thy playmates run,
Wilt thou not join them?

CHILD.—

Mother, nay!

I will not go with them to-day.

ANNA. He never was a child for play.

CHILD. Mother, what were you reading then?

MARY.—

Isaiah's prophecy how men
Shall still be blind when God again
Comes to save Zion and redeem
His chosen ones.

CHILD. Was it a dream?

Or did he see? How did he know?

MARY. He heard God's word, and told men so.

CHILD. And was that many years ago?

MARY. Seven hundred years.

CHILD.—

But having here
His word to guide them, do men fear
They will not see Salvation near?

ANNA. Aye! many fear it. I for one.

CARPENTER. There, that's right! Now, 'tis almost done.

(The child turns towards the carpenter's bench.)

MARY. Thou will not miss that sight, my son.

CARPENTER.—

Come, litle son, and hold the wood!
Brace hard the end, while I make good
The upright. See how crooked it stood!

CHILD. What art thou making, father?

CARPENTER.—

Nay,

See for thyself, my child, what way

One grows to wisdom day by day.

It is a door.

(REUBEN *goes and takes a cup, dips it in a bowl of water near the door and drinks.*)

CHILD. Whose door?

CARPENTER.

Why, mine,

Till I'm paid for it!

CHILD. How came it thine?

CARPENTER. I made it.

CHILD. How?

CARPENTER.—

Well, first I bought

The timber; after that I wrought,

Rough hewed and shaped it, leaving nought

To chance—so that all parts agree

When joined together. Dost thou see?

Art satisfied?

CHILD. (*After a pause*) Who made the tree?

CARPENTER. (*After a pause*) God made the tree,
my son.

CHILD.—

And through

Long years it put forth leaf, and grew

In beauty till man came and slew.

(*He caresses the wood, laying his face upon it*)

CARPENTER. Strange fancies still!

CHILD.—

And so the tree

Died, and gave up its life to be

A door through which man passes free,

To work God's will.

CARPENTER.—

Come, come, you waste

Your father's time, my son! Make haste,

Reuben—we've got the lintel placed;

Bring me the nails.

REUBEN. (*As he brings the nails and drives them in. Sings*)

Oh, what is yon tree that stands so high

And stretches its arms in sorrow?

"Oh, that is the gallows where I must die,

Where I must die to-morrow."

Oh, what hast thou done, my only son,

That thou shouldst die to-morrow?

"My life I lend to a well-loved friend

Who health of me would borrow."

If so thou lend to a well-loved friend,

How heavy must be his sorrow!

"Ah, say not so, for well I know

I hang by his hand to-morrow."

(*The child has taken the bag of nails from REUBEN, and hands them to him, one by one, as he drives them in. One of the nails pierces the child's palm. He bows his head over it.*)

CARPENTER.—

Why, there, there, there! You've done it now!

Reuben, 'twas your fault to allow

A little child like him to play

With anything so sharp as they!

(*MARY comes forward and kneels by the child's side. She takes his hand and tries to staunch the blood*)

Has it gone far?

MARY.—

The wound is deep.
 Stay, I will bind it! See you keep
 Your hand up, child. Quick, mother, bring
 Yon water fresh-drawn from the spring
 To wash it clean, for there was rust.

(ANNA brings the water bowl, while REUBEN draws
*forward a low bench at one end of which she
 sets it down*)

Maybe, upon the iron, or dust
 To cause a festering in the wound.

(MARY bathes his hand and binds it. The child
closes his eyes and sinks against her breast.)

ANNA.—

Oh! See, he has already swooned
 For loss of blood.

MARY.—

Nay, nay, 'tis sleep!
 Aye! saw you not how at the leap
 Of first sharp pain his face lit up,
 And how he bowed as to a cup
 His lips, and drained it to the lees?
 So to this spirit now comes ease
 And rest; for surely here he tastes
 Of that dark vintage of the wastes
 Whereto, for mortal need, he hastes.

CARPENTER. Strange words!

MARY.—

But stranger than all words
 The peace which holds him now and herds
 My lamb's life with the blessed dead.

(*She moves to lay him along the bench. ANNA
 spreads a cloak across it*)

Lift off the bowl, and let his head
Rest so, even so.

CARPENTER.—
There! Let him lie
Quiet awhile. Ah! he won't die
Of that!

*(He lays his hand kindly upon his wife, then turns
away. Evening has begun to close in)*

Now, Reuben, you and I
Must stir while daylight yet allows!
This door is for the High-Priest's house,
And should already be in its place
For now Passover comes apace;
And last night they sent word to say
'Twas to be up before the day,
So that the lintel beam might bear
The blood-marks for the coming year.

MARY. Look! There are stains already there!

CARPENTER. I'll wash them off!

MARY.—
Nay, let them stay!
This blood, I trow, was shed to-day
To take some mortal's guilt away.

*(The two men have lifted the door and set it to
stand against the middle post of the doorway
where it makes the form of three crosses stand-
ing together.)*

CARPENTER.—
Soon through this door the holy feet
Of Caiaphas in service met
Shall pass each day to do God's will.

MARY.—
And, what he hath ordained, fulfill.
And some day they shall bring a Lamb
And slay, and lo, upon the jamb

And lintel of this self-same door,
Where blessed blood has been before,
More blessed blood shall then be spilt
To take from Caiaphas his guilt.

*(The men having put away their tools lift the door
and carry it away.)*

ANNA. *(Reading)* "He was taken from prison
and from judgment, and who shall declare his gen-
eration? For he was cut off out of the land of the
living, for the transgression of my people was he
smitten. And he made his grave with the wicked,
and with the rich in his death; because he had done
no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth."

(Voices of water-carriers heard without.)

1ST ANTIPHON. The bows of the mighty men
are broken.

2ND ANTIPHON. And they that stumbled are
girded with strength.

1ST ANTIPHON. They that were full have hired
themselves for bread.

2ND ANTIPHON. And they that were hungry have
ceased.

(The women pass by.)

1ST ANTIPHON. So that the barren hath born
seven.

2ND ANTIPHON. And she that hath many children
is waxed feeble.

1ST ANTIPHON.—
The Lord killeth, and maketh alive.
He bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up.

2ND ANTIPHON. The Lord maketh poor and
maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up.

MARY. It is the women going to the well.

ANNA. What are they singing?

MARY.—

Of the joy that fell.

To Anna for her first-born, Samuel.

ANNA. And thy joy also!

MARY. And the pain as well!

1ST ANTIPHON. He raiseth the poor out of the dust.

2ND ANTIPHON. And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill.

1ST ANTIPHON. To set them among the princes.

2ND ANTIPHON. And to make them inherit the throne of glory.

1ST ANTIPHON. He will keep the feet of his saints.

2ND ANTIPHON. And the wicked shall be silent in darkness.

1ST ANTIPHON. For by strength shall no man prevail.

2ND ANTIPHON. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces.

(The voices pass away. It begins to grow dark.)

ANNA. *(Sings as she winds her flax)*

Little child, lo, I spin

Flax to clothe thy body in;

Little child, do not grieve

Out of this a cloth I'll weave,

Make of it a little shirt,—

What man shall do thee hurt?

So while it lasts, wear it still,

What man shall wish thee ill?

Do not from thy body strip

This; 'tis human fellowship.

(She lays the cloth over the child)

MARY.—

When thou to death art bowed
 This web shall be thy shroud.
 So in fellowship with all
 Thy soul shall meet God's call,
 Oh, then, may my soul, too,
 Wake and see the darkness through
 And my ears, no longer bound,
 List, to the heavenly sound!

(A pause. ANNA lights a small lamp. As she goes to place it in the window she stops. Its light falls on the sleeping child)

MARY.—

See, from his face has passed the pain.
 And every sense of heart and brain
 Is gathered unto rest again.
 O son, O child, while round thy sleep
 The peace of God lies folded deep,
 Thou can'st not hear thy mother weep.
 Oh, me, the anguish and the dread
 Of that dark hour which lies ahead
 When I shall see thee lying dead.
 Clay, cold, and all my cares undone!
 O perfect, pure, and stainless one,
 My son, my own, my little son.

(A sound of sheep passing is heard. A shepherd stops at the door, and looks in. He draws off his hat.)

SHEPHERD. God's peace be in this house. *(He goes on his way)*

ANNA. Again!

MARY. Who spoke?

ANNA.—

The shepherd from the plain,
 The stranger, so last night he came
 And stayed to greet us in God's name,

Then went.

MARY.—

And there were others, too,
Who also stayed.

(A stranger passess the door.)

STRANGER. Peace be with you!

MARY. God give you peace. *(She rises and turns)*

ANNA. Nay, he is gone.

MARY.—

Oh, strange! And more will come anon,
And each one turning from his way,
Wilt halt here at the door to say
Some word, or show by look or sign
That here peace dwells!

(Enter an old man.)

OLD MAN.—

Yes, peace is thine!
I would, I would to God, such peace were mine.

(Enter a little child, led by its mother. The little one kneels beside the bench where the other child is laid.)

LITTLE CHILD.—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to thee!

(The mother lifts the little one from its knees and carries it away.)

OLD MAN. *(Weeping, he stands in the child's place)*

I'm an old sinner, oft have I gone the road

Of mine own will, so now I bear the load;
And in my body grief has come to pass!
Surely, the preacher saith, all flesh is grass,
And goodliness the flower of the field.
Lo, the wind passeth, and its day is o'er,
And in his place man's name is known no more.
God give us peace.

*(He kneels. While he speaks others have entered.
The scene has grown dark. One of the men
carries a lantern)*

1ST MAN. The grass withereth, the flower
fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

2ND MAN. Son of God, shine on us!

(All kneel.)

3RD MAN. Lamb of God, look on us!

4TH MAN. Shepherd of men, set thy sign on us!

5TH MAN. And lay thy yoke on us!

1ST MAN. And we will be thankful.

*(The moon rises. Outside the door, others are seen
kneeling: men, women and children.)*

ALL. Hail, Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with
thee! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed
is the fruit of thy womb: Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother
of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of
our death. Amen.

*(One by one the men rise and go out. The crowd
outside also disappears. ANNA goes and closes
the doors, and the shutter of the window. The
house is flooded with moonlight. MARY kneels
at the head of the sleeping child. Voices are
heard singing.)*

VOICES.—

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!
Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et Benedictus
Fructus ventris tui, Jesus!

CURTAIN.

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS

By Celebrated European Authors

**A NEW SERIES OF AMATEUR PLAYS BY THE BEST
AUTHORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, ESPECIALLY
TRANSLATED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, SUG-
GESTIONS FOR STAGING, Etc., FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND
DRAMATIC CLUBS**

BARRETT H. CLARK

General Editor



WITH the immensely increased demand for new plays for purposes of production by amateurs comes a correspondingly great demand for a careful selection of those plays which can be easily and well presented by clubs and colleges. The plays in the present series have been chosen with regard to their intrinsic value as drama and literature, and at the same time to their adaptability to the needs and limitations of such organizations.

The Series, under the personal supervision of Mr. Barrett H. Clark, Instructor in the department of Dramatic Literature at Chautauqua, New York, assistant stage manager and actor with Mrs. Fiske (season 1912-1913), now comprises 44 titles, more will make their appearance during the year. Eventually there will be plays from ancient Greece and Rome, Italy, Spain, France, Russia, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, representative of some of the best drama of all ages and lands.

Each Play is prefaced by a concise historical note by Mr. Clark and With a few suggestions for staging.

Plays Now Ready

INDIAN SUMMER, a comedy in one act by MEILHAC and HALEVY. This little play, by two of the most famous writers of comedy of the last century, has been played at the Comédie Française at Paris for upwards of forty years, and remains one of the brightest and most popular works of the period. PRICE 25 CENTS.

ROSALIE, by MAX MAUREY. A "Grand Guignol" comedy in one act, full of verve and clever dialogue. Rosalie, the stubborn maid, leads her none too amiable master and mistress into uncomfortable complications by refusing to open the front door to a supposed guest of wealth and influence. PRICE 25 CENTS.

MODESTY, by PAUL HERVIEU. A delightful trifle by one of the most celebrated of living dramatists. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE ART OF BEING BORED, (*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*), a comedy in three acts by EDOUARD PAILLERON. Probably the best-known and most frequently acted comedy of manners in the realm of nineteenth century French drama. It is replete with wit and comic situations. For nearly forty years it has held the stage, while countless imitators have endeavored to reproduce its freshness and charm. PRICE 25 CENTS.

A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL, by ANTON TCHEKHOFF, a comedy in one act, by one of the greatest of modern Russian writers. This little farce is very popular in Russia, and satirizes the peasants of that country in an amusing manner. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE GREEN COAT, by ALFRED DE MUSSET and EMILE AUGIER. A slight and comic character sketch of the life of Bohemian artists in Paris, written by one of France's greatest poets and one of her best-known dramatists. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE WAGER, by GIUSEPPE GIACOSA. This one act poetic comedy, written by the most celebrated dramatist of modern Italy, was the author's first work. It treats of a wager made by a proud young page, who risks his life on the outcome of a game of chess. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS, a poetic comedy in one act, by ANDRE RIVOIRE. A charming pastoral sketch by a well-known French poet and dramatist. Played with success at the Comédie Française. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PHORMIO, a Latin comedy by TERENCE. An up-to-date version of the famous comedy. One of the masterpieces of Latin drama; the story of a father who returns to find that his son has married a slave girl. Phormio, the parasite-villain who causes the numerous comic complications, succeeds in unraveling the difficulties, and all ends happily. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE TWINS, a Latin farce by PLAUTUS, upon which Shakespeare founded his Comedy of Errors. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE BOOR, by ANTON TCHEKOFF. A well-known farce by the celebrated Russian master; it is concerned with Russian peasants, and portrays with masterly skill the comic side of country life. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE BLACK PEARL, by VICTORIEN SARDOU. One of Sardou's most famous comedies of intrigue. A house has, it is thought, been robbed. But through skilful investigation it is found that the havoc wrought has been done by lightning. PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARMING LEANDRE, by THEODORE DE BANVILLE. The author of "Gringoire" is here seen in a poetic vein, yet the Frenchman's innate sense of humor recalls, in this satirical little play, the genius of Moliere. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE POST-SCRIPTUM, by EMILE AUGIER. Of this one-act comedy Professor Brander Matthews writes: " . . . one of the brightest and most brilliant little one-act comedies in any language, and to be warmly recommended to American readers." PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE HOUSE OF FOURCHAMBAULT, by EMILE AUGIER. One of the greatest of recent French family dramas. Although the play is serious in tone, it contains touches which entitle it to a position among the best comedies of manners of the times. PRICE 50 CENTS.

THE BENEFICENT BEAR, a comedy in three acts, by GOLDONI. One of the best-known comedies of the Father of Italian Comedy. A costume piece laid in 18th century France, the principal character in which is a good-hearted, though gruff, old uncle. 4 men, 3 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

GRAMMAR (La Grammaire), a farce in one act by LABICHE. An amusing and charming comedy by one of the greatest of 19th century French dramatists. 4 men, 1 woman. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE TWO COWARDS (Les Deux Timides), a comedy in one act by LABICHE. A very amusing and human little comedy, in which a strong-willed girl helps her father choose for her the man she wishes to marry. 2 women, 3 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

MASTER PATELIN, SOLICITOR, a comedy in three acts. Special version by BRUEYS. One of the most famous of early French farces. The setting and character belong to the late Middle Ages. The play is concerned with the crooked dealings of a clever lawyer. 7 men, 2 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

CRISPIN, HIS MASTER'S RIVAL, a comedy in one act by LE SAGE. A famous comedy by the author of "Gil Blas," concerned with the pranks of two clever valets. 18th century costumes and settings. 4 men, 3 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LEGACY, a comedy in one act by MARIVAUX. A delicate high comedy of intrigue. Marivaux one of the masters of old French comedy, and this play is full of deft touches of characterization. 2 women, 4 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON, a farce in one act by WOLFGANG GYALUI. A Hungarian farce full of brilliant dialog and movement. 1 man, 1 woman. PRICE 25 CENTS.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, a poetic play by MAURICE BOUCHOR. A beautiful little miracle play of love and devotion, laid in 15th century Paris. 2 men, 2 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

CRAINQUEBILLE, a play in three scenes by ANATOLE FRANCE. A delightful series of pictures of Parisian street life, by the author of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." 12 men, 6 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

JEAN-MARIE a poetic play in one act by ANDRE THEURIET. A pathetic play of Norman peasant life. 2 men, 1 woman. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE REBOUND, a comedy in one act by L. B. PICARD. A clever comedy of intrigue, and a satire of social position. 2 women, 5 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PANURGE'S SHEEP, a comedy in one Act by MEILHAC and HALEVY. A famous and often-acted little play based upon the obstinacy of a charming woman, who is finally induced to marry. 1 man, 2 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LAW-SUIT (Der Prozess), a comedy in one act by RODERICH BENEDIX. A famous comedy by the well-known German-dramatist—author of "The Obstinate Family," and "The Third Man." The play is full of amusing situations and bright lines. 5 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE THIRD MAN (Der Dritte), a comedy in one act by RODERICH BENEDIX. A highly amusing little comedy based upon the obstinacy of human beings, and proves the truth of the saying that "love finds a way." 3 women, 1 man. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE GENTLEMAN TRADESMAN (Le Bourgeois Gentil-homme), a comedy in four acts by MOLIÈRE. One of the best-known comedies of the celebrated master of comedy. "The Gentleman Tradesman" "ridicules the affectations of M. Jourdain, a rich parvenu. 9 men, 5 women. PRICE 50 CENTS.

THE SICILIAN (Le Sicilien), a farce in two scenes by MOLIÈRE. One of the lighter comedies of intrigue. This play is laid in Sicily, and has to do with the capture of a beautiful Greek slave from her selfish and tyrannical master. 4 men, 3 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

DOCTOR LOVE (L'Amour Medecine), a farce in three acts by MOLIÈRE. An uproarious farce, satirizing the medical profession. Through it runs the story of a young girl who pretends to be ill in order that she may marry the man she loves. 5 men, 4 women. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE AFFECTED YOUNG LADIES (Les Precieuses Ridicules), a comedy in one act by MOLIÈRE. The famous satire on intellectual and social affectation. Like most of Moliere's plays, the theme in this is ever modern. 3 women, 6 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

I'M GOING! A comedy in one act by TRISTAN BERNARD. A delightful bit of comedy of obstinacy and reconciliation. 1 man, 1 woman. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE FAIRY (La Fee), a romantic comedy in one act by OCTAVE FEUILLET. Laid in a hut in Normandy, this little comedy is full of poetic charm and quiet humor. The element of the supernatural is introduced in order to drive home a strong lesson. 1 woman, 3 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE VILLAGE (Le Village), a comedy in one act by OCTAVE FEUILLET. The author here paints the picture of an elderly couple, and shows that they have not realized their happiness until it is on the point of being taken from them. 2 women, 2 men. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE DOCTOR IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF, by MOLIERE. A famous farce by the greatest of French dramatists. Sganarelle has to be beaten before he will acknowledge that he is a doctor, which he is not. He then works apparently miraculous cures. The play is a sharp satire on the medical profession in the 17th Century. PRICE 25 CENTS.

BRIGNOL AND HIS DAUGHTER, by CAPUS. The first comedy in English of the most sprightly and satirical of present-day French dramatists. PRICE 50 CENTS.

CHOOSING A CAREER, by G. A. DE CAILLAVET. Written by one of the authors of "Love Watches." A farce of mistaken identity, full of humorous situations and bright lines. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER, by TRISTAN BERNARD. A clever farce by one of the most successful of French dramatists. It is concerned with the difficulties of a bogus-interpreter who does not know a word of French. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PATER NOSTER, a poetic play in one act, by FRANCOIS COPPEE. A pathetic incident of the time of the Paris Commune, in 1871. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE ROMANCERS, a comedy in three acts, by EDMOND ROSTAND. New translation of this celebrated and charming little romantic play by the famous author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chantecler." PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE MERCHANT GENTLEMAN, (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme), by MOLIERE. New translation of one of Molière's comic masterpieces, a play which is peculiarly well adapted to amateur production. PRICE 50 CENTS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 493 425 8